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be, in matters of discipline, under a woman, should need to be advocated at all. But so it is.

And I can add my testimony, as regards another vast hospital in Germany, to the abominable effects of nurses being directly responsible *not* to a matron, but to the economic staff and medical staff of their hospital. And I am told, on the highest authority, that since my time things have only got worse.

But I will not take up your time and my own with more general remarks, which may not prove, after all, applicable to your special case.

But I think I will venture to send you a copy of a paper—the only one I have left. The original was written by order of the (then) Poor-Law Board, for their new workhouse infirmaries, and printed in their reports. So many hospitals then wrote to me to give them a similar sketch for their special use, and it was so utterly impossible for me to write to all, that I abridged and altered my original paper for their use. And this (I fear dirty) copy is the last I have left. Pray excuse it.

Again begging you to command me, if I can be of any use for your great purpose, to which I wish every success and ever-increasing progress, pray believe me, Sir,

Ever your faithful servant,

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

P. S.—You will find in the appendix to the printed paper all the steps of our training at St. Thomas's Hospital, under our admirable matron, Mrs. Wardroper; but as she may probably see this letter, I must abstain from praising her, as it were, "to her face," which all noble natures dislike.

F. N.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

By MAE PEREGRINE

THE words that we would say in praise of her

We cannot speak, and vainly try to sing.

She blazed the trail that we are following,—

We who are privileged to minister.

The love that in her heart was wont to stir,

Love that brought comfort to the suffering,

That conquered death, or took away its sting,

Has been to us an impetus, a spur.

And so we lay our lives where hers was laid,

Upon the altar of pure sacrifice;

We would face pain and danger unafraid,

And when our way through shadowy places lies,

Would follow in the path her feet have made,

Would live a life like hers, that never dies.